



MEAL TIME AT THE WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.
Five hundred cadets at the tables.

FOOD FOR FIGHTERS.

How Uncle Sam Provides for the West Point Cadets.

The cadet mess at West Point, where the appetites of five hundred young men are daily looked after, is perhaps one of the most interesting show places of the post. In hygienic observance, quality, cooking and serving of the foodstuff Uncle Sam has a model kitchen and dining room, which are not surpassed by any in the country. Nutritious, wholesome and absolutely pure are all viands, fluids and solids, served.

The cadet mess is in Grant Hall, a little to the rear of the academic building. The cadets march to the mess by companies, after first lining up in front of the barracks. The entire corps is accompanied by the commandant of cadets, who, after seeing them seated, dines on the same fare in an adjoining room. The time allowed for eating is, for breakfast and supper, twenty-five minutes; dinner, thirty-five.

The spacious mess hall, when filled with its rows of straight, athletic figures in gray coats with glittering buttons and snowy white trousers, enlivened by the hum of half a thousand voices, presents a most animated scene. Ten cadets are seated at a table, and no time is lost in waiting for preliminaries. A signal bell from the chef sets the head waiter and his trained assistants in motion, and in a few moments after soup is served every table has its allotted platters of meat, ready sliced, several vegetable dishes, dessert, fruit, etc., in readiness on the cloth.

The sittings are not permanent, as each man is shifted several times a year, being matched in height. A silver engraved napkin ring, bearing the name and year of graduation, follows the cadet in his numerous changes. Incidentally, in the intervals of meal hours, especially around graduation time, some inquisitive feminine friends and acquaintances saunter into Grant Hall, to enjoy the privilege of looking for the seat and inspecting the napkin ring of a favorite, and perhaps slipping a short message into the same.

Captain Thomas Franklin, treasurer of the Military Academy, and considered one of the most efficient commissary experts in the army, has charge of the cadet mess. He has introduced many labor saving appliances, and has brought the mess up to the highest state of hygienic and economic perfection. The army commissary experts have by experiments determined the most wholesome kinds of food, the relative amounts of waste materials in different sorts, the amount and composition of the waste products and their relation to food and work performed, the amount of work possible on a given ration, and, in short, the best and most economical food for maintaining the body machine in perfect condition and enabling it to perform the necessary amount of physical and mental work.

Notwithstanding the amount of detailed labor spent in examining, preparing and cooking the food of the highest class, it costs the government only 63 cents a day to serve meals to a cadet. His board bill for a year foots up to about \$220, which is paid out of his government allowance. For the whole corps, averaging about five hundred yearly, \$115,000 is expended.

Here is a typical sample of the excellent 21-cent meals which Uncle Sam serves out to his cadets: Dinner—Noodle soup, lettuce salad, broiled shad, mashed potatoes, baked macaroni and cheese, sliced pineapple, bread and butter. Supper—Welsh rarebit, Saratoga chips, drop cake, strawberries, milk, coffee, tea and bread. Breakfast—Oatmeal porridge, toasted wheat, soft boiled eggs, fried bacon, hot cornbread, cocoa, coffee, milk, butter and bread.

For the graduation dinner of June 14 Chef Schemmel prepared a special menu, as follows:

Soup, cream of peas; radishes, ripe olives, broiled spring chicken, brown mashed potatoes, green peas, milk, strawberry ice cream and chocolate layer cake.

The kitchen is equipped with all the latest culinary devices. The flooring is of white tile. The ceiling is high and the room well lighted and ventilated. Lining the sides are large broilers, huge copper soup cauldrons, coffee, tea and milk urns, the latter automatically connected; meat slicing machines, cutting hundreds of slices in a few moments, and an egg boiling apparatus, where five hundred eggs are cooked in a few seconds.

One of the ingenious labor saving contrivances in use which would be a joy to the average housewife to see in operation is the dish washing machine. This is arranged in a horseshoe-like fashion. The plates and dishes to be cleaned are stacked in round wire baskets. A basket is lifted up by a travelling machine, with hoops attached, and then submerged for a short time in three circular tanks. The first tank contains soap and lukewarm water; the next

dling of it afterward, clean suits are required to be worn by the milkers and the utensils are all rinsed by a powerful blast of steam. Soon after delivery at the mess the cans are emptied into a sterilizing and Pasteurizing plant and carried through three successive temperatures. The first is 180 degrees Fahrenheit, a temperature fatal to bacteria and all germ life. At this high heat it is kept several minutes. From this it passes into the second receptacle, having a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and finally cools to 40 degrees in the third. From the latter it is run into freshly steamed cans and placed in the cold room, ready for the table.

The mess bakery is likewise one of the most up to date and scientific to be found anywhere, and no city establishment can excel it as to quality, cleanliness and production of bread. A feature of the bread is the light brown crust obtained by uniform heat in baking, the fire being at the back of the oven, instead of the front, as is the case in most bakeries. Rolls and buns are baked in a large, sliding rack, with shelves holding a hundred or so. The whole,



COOKS DRAWING OUT ONE THOUSAND HOT ROLLS FROM THE OVEN FOR ONE MEAL OF THE WEST POINT CADETS.

clear hot water. These two remove all the meat particles. The last is a dip into a boiling hot bath. This final plunge serves for drying, so that no after wiping with cloths is necessary. The ware is put on the racks ready for the next meal. Thousands of assorted dishes are cleaned and got out of the way in fifteen or twenty minutes. The operator stands in the centre and simply lowers and raises the loaded basket into the tanks by hand pressure.

Two articles of the cadet mess are especially noteworthy, namely, the milk and bread. More than one hundred and fifty gallons of milk are consumed daily. Over across the Hudson, some eight miles back, a half dozen from the nearest village, among the high hills of Putnam County, which are covered with a wealth of green pasture, the dairy is located. Here roam a herd of about one hundred choice cows, whose milk is used exclusively for the cadet mess. Every morning at 7 a. m. a mule team leaves the farm and places the 150 gallons or more of milk on board the 9 a. m. ferryboat at Garrisons. The estate of two thousand acres is owned by a Mr. Jordan, yet the government has charge of the hygienic features and recommends the appliances used. Captain Franklin and medical experts go at various times on tours of inspection, to examine the cattle, stables, drainage, ventilation, food, water, yards, pasture, methods of milking and all matters connected with health. As bacteria get into the milk through lack of cleanliness in milking and careless han-

dling, is run into the oven and withdrawn again at the proper time. The mess consumes four hundred and fifty pounds of bread a day.

A new branch of the commissary department has just been created, namely, a training school for bakers for the United States army. The first one has recently been put in operation at Fort Riley, Kansas, under the supervision of Captain Michael S. Murray, of the subsistence department. This is modelled in equipment after the West Point plant, where Captain Murray recently spent some time in experimenting and noting the working of bread-making machinery there. After a few months' instruction at the bakers' school the men will be assigned to various posts.

ALSO A LADY.

Congressman Dixon, of Montana, is telling of the experience of a young Eastern woman with one of his constituents. She left the train at a way station in Eastern Montana one afternoon and asked the only man in sight how she could get to her destination, far out in the country. "You'll have to wait for the stage in the morning," said the man; "you can't get any rig here." "But where am I to stop?" Inquired the young lady; "there's nothing here but the station, and I can't sleep on the floor." "Guess you'll have to bunk with the station agent." "Sir!" she exclaimed, "I am a lady!" "So's the station agent," said the man.—(Short Stories.)

EXPERT MOUNTED POLICE

Thoroughly Trained Men and Horses in Detroit.

New-York is not the only American city that has reason to be proud of its mounted policemen. Detroit also possesses a mounted police force that has passed beyond the experimental stage. So thoroughly has the Detroit police department demonstrated the efficiency and value of mounted officers that cities all over the West are beginning to seek information from Detroit's Police Commissioner. Only a few days ago perhaps the best illustration of what a mounted officer can do was given by one of the Detroit mounted squad, who pursued an alleged housebreaker through four back yards, vaulted five fences on his horse and captured his man in an alley.

At present Detroit's mounted police force contains thirty men who daily cover regular beats in various remote parts of the city. Any one of these officers could play a not unimportant part in a Wild West show. The men are taught to ride at a gallop while standing up in their stirrups. The poorest rider in the force can pick up an object from the ground while galloping at full speed. The members of the squad have practised until they are crack revolver shots while in motion. The horses and riders are trained to work in unison. At a given signal from a rider his mount will suddenly sit back upon its haunches, thus forming with its neck and shoulders a perfect bulwark for its master. At another signal this same animal will, in the space of four seconds, roll over on its side, allowing its rider to fire from behind it.

One of the prettiest spectacles of the "practice days" of the squad is to be seen when the thirty horses perform this manoeuvre together. Once a week, on drill days, Detroit's mounted policemen go through all of their fancy movements and evolutions under the critical eyes of Captain Lemuel Guiman, their trainer. On these days they charge and wheel, march in perfect alignment, shoot to the front and rear, ride Cossack fashion, do spiral work, bareback riding, hippodrome work, take the hurdles, go through the lying down drills and form hollow squares. If a rider shows himself deficient in doing these things he is quickly dropped out of the squad and another takes his place.

These drills are inspiring sights, and thousands of Detroit people witness them every Tuesday afternoon on a big common, three miles from the heart of the city. All of the horses are fine animals and are of one color. While the regular drill hours come on Tuesday afternoon, the men drill a great deal while off duty. This outside work is given to the department willingly, for all are deeply interested.

This training has resulted in some remarkable work. Last winter the police force of Detroit were on the lookout for a diamond thief. Sergeant Parker, a mounted policeman at that time, was riding around his beat when he saw the man wanted alight from a streetcar. He immediately gave chase, and the thief led him the race of his life. Over fences, tearing up front lawns and backyards, over hedges and rubbish, Parker drove his horse, now nearly catching his man and then losing him temporarily. The animal whirled and wheeled at the slightest pressure of the officer's knees, and it was due greatly to the sagacity of the horse that finally the man was cornered. For this clever bit of work Parker was promoted to be a sergeant, and he is now recognized as the most daring rider in the squad.

Not long ago a Detroit mounted policeman pursued two carbreakers who fled up a railroad track on a handcar at his approach. Squaring up the centre of the track for half a mile the policeman pursued the thieves at a gallop. Within less than ten minutes the pursued men were compelled to stop their car and surrender.